



WHY THE FRENCH MAID LEFT.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ramso, "the French maid was very competent, but I had to let her go. Oh, she took splendid care of the children, but when, after she had been at the house four days, and Mr. Ramso (who never knew a word of French before) began to help Robby in his language lessons by telling him that 'je t'aime' meant 'I love you' in French, and 'baissez-moi' meant 'kiss me,' I thought—well, I am looking for an Irish girl this time!"

A Bone of Contention.

"I hear that you and your wife have separated."
"Yes."
"How did you get along dividing the household furniture?"
"Oh, peaceably enough until we came to the motto 'God Bless Our Home,' and then we had a quarrel as to who should have it."

Railroad Ties Had No Terrors.

MANAGER (to stagestruck applicant for a situation)—What special aptitude have you for a dramatic life?
APPLICANT—I am a professional pedestrian, sir.

Accepted with Alacrity.

AUTHOR—I have here (editor frowns as a long manuscript is unrolled) a short account of an accident to an old lady whose brother's wife knew a man that sold fish in a town that Abraham Lincoln—
EDITOR (excitedly)—Let me see it. Mail you check to-morrow.

Adam Had No Other Opportunities.

SHE—Do you suppose a man ever spoke the truth when he told a woman she was the only girl he had ever kissed?
HE—Well, I don't think Adam lied about it to Eve.

Did her Duty.

BROWNE—Did you hear the awful rumor about Mrs. Smythe?
MRS. BROWNE—I want you to remember, John, that the less said about such things the better. Now tell me the whole story.

His Premonition.

HER MOTHER—This cable message from London says our Clara was at Court yesterday.
HER FATHER—I knew that blamed duke she married would get her into trouble sooner or later. Poor girl! Was she acquitted?

Those Other Days.

HIDER RAGGED—Of course ye wouldn't think it, mum, but I rode in a carriage during my youthful days.
OLD LADY—Poor man! Here's something for you. When was it your happy lot to ride in a carriage?
HIDER RAGGED—Bout forty years ago, mum. Me mother pushed it.

A Definition.

It was a very large question, but the teacher hazarded it.
"Can any of you tell me what an anti-monopolist is?"
"Ye s'm," volunteered the smallest boy in the class, "an anti-m'nop'list is a feller what aint got no m'nop'ly hisself."

Preventing a Crime.

TELLER—I am going to try to persuade Sapsmith to change his mind.
GRIMSHAW—Don't do it! He has nothing else to put on.



NERO'S EXCUSE.

QUEEN OF SHEBA—Why did you fiddle when Rome was burning?
NERO—I didn't belong to the Fire Department!

Endangered His Life.

"I see that the Pension Bureau has granted Fallback his pension on account of a painful surgical operation which he underwent during the war."
"What was the operation?"
"He had his retreat cut off at the battle of Gettysburg."

Another Cable Accident.

KNOLLS—I hear Jones was knocked speechless this afternoon.
BOWLESS—But Jones is deaf and dumb. I can't understand how he could be knocked speechless.
KNOLLS—Why, a cable car ran over him and cut off both his hands.

Easy Enough.

"Can you tell me," he asked musingly, as he gazed out of the window and watched humanity pick its way with care over a cross walk, "why a man always walks on his toes and a woman on her heels in crossing a muddy street?"
"To keep from getting muddy, I suppose," she answered with decision, and he continued to muse.

A Cursory View.

MRS. FLATTEHOUSE—Did the flat owner examine the broken pipes carefully or did he merely take a cursory view?
BRIDGET—A curse-orry view, mum. His worruds was turrible, mum.

At the Church Door.

MR. JOHNSON—Is dey any obstacle in de way ob my seein' yo' home from thu'ch dis ebenin', Miss Jackson?
MISS JACKSON—Not if yo' done hab de necessary cyar fare, Mistah Johnsing.

Which He Had Failed to Return.

JONES—Your husband has a very limited vocabulary.
MRS. BROWN—Yes, he has had for some time; ever since you borrowed three volumes of his dictionary.

A LITTLE REPORTE IN THE CHORUS.



TOTTY POWDERPUFF—To-night, during the second act, that conceited Nelly Stuckup, who thinks she is so much prettier than any of the other girls, told me that her face was her fortune.
PINKY DAISYBUD—The idea! And what did you say?
TOTTY POWDERPUFF—I told her I pitied any one who was "broke," and offered to lend her a dollar.